



BEGIN HERE TODAY.

The reformed crackman, MICHAEL LANYARD, known to the police as the **LONE WOLF**, is attempting to recover the stolen jewels of **EVIE DE MONTALAIS**, the woman he loves.

Lanyard, who met Evie in southern France, where he rescued her from robbery at the hands of the brutal Parisian Apache, **DUPONT**, pursued a daring party, consisting of the American, **WHITAKER MONK**, his secretary, **PHINUIT**, the latter's brother, **JULIE**, and the **COUNT and COUNTESS DE LORGNES**.

De Lorgnes is murdered by Dupont. Lanyard, searching Paris, finds the countess. She is introduced as **LIANE DELORME**. Lanyard uses the name of Paul Martin.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

Liane Delorme. These syllables were like a spoken spell to break the power of dark enchantment which had hampered Lanyard's memory ever since first sight of this woman in the Cafe de l'Univers at Nant. A great light began to flood his understanding, but he was denied time to advance himself immediately of its illumination: Liane Delorme was quick to parry and riposte.

"How strange monsieur should think he had ever known me by a name. * * * But no matter! For now I look more closely, I myself cannot get over the impression that I have known Monsieur Martin, did you say?—somewhere, sometime * * * But Paul Martin? Not unless monsieur has more than one name."

"Then it would seem that mademoiselle and I are both in error. The loss is mine."

While the waiter fetched additional chairs, the woman made her escorts known: Messieurs Benouville et Le Brun, two extravagantly insignificant young men.

Champagne frothed into fresh glasses. As soon as the band struck up another dance, Athenais drifted away in the arms of Monsieur Le Brun. Liane gazed round the room, acknowledged the salutations of several friends, and issued peremptory orders to Benouville.

"Ask Angelo to dance with you. I desire to afflict Monsieur Martin with my confidence."

With the utmost docility Benouville effaced himself.

"Eh, bien, Monsieur Duchemin!" "Eh, bien, madame la comtesse!" Liane slipped at her champagne, making impudent eyes at Lanyard over the brim of her glass.

"By what appears, you have at last torn yourself away from the charming society of the Chateau de Montalais."

"As you see."

"That was a long visit you made at the chateau, my old one?" "One had the misfortune to fall foul of an assassin," Lanyard took the trouble to explain.

"And you were wounded?"

Lanyard assented. The lady made a shocked face and uttered appropriate noises. "As you know," Lanyard added.

"What an experience! Still—"

Liane again buried her nose in her glass and regarded Lanyard with a look of mysterious understanding. Reemerging, she resumed: "Still, not without its compensations, eh, mon ami?"

"Indeed," Lanyard agreed with his most winning manner. "For instance I recovered speedily enough to be in Paris tonight and meet mademoiselle without losing time."

"And where is that good Monsieur Monk tonight?" he asked.

"Ah, monsieur, but I am desolated. He has returned to his baronous America, with his kind heart, and all his millions."

"And the excellent phinuit?"

"That one is well."

Lanyard compassionately fished a bottle out of the cooler and refilled her glass.

"Accept, mademoiselle, every assurance of my profound sympathy."

"I will repay sympathy with sympathy. I have already forgotten that I ever visited the Chateau de Montalais. So how should I remember I met monsieur there under the name of * * * but I forget."

"The name of Duchemin?"

"I never knew there was such a name—I swear!—before I saw it in type today."

"In type?"

"It appeared in Le Matin today, this quaint name Duchemin, in a dispatch from Milan stating that a person of that name, a guest of the Chateau de Montalais, had disappeared without taking formal leave of his hosts."

"One gathers that he took something else?"

"Nothing less than the world-known Anstruther collection of jewels, the property of Madame de Montalais nee Anstruther."

"But I am recently from the Chateau de Montalais, and in a position to assure mademoiselle that this poor fellow, Duchemin, is unjustly accused."

"Oh, ho, ho!"

He heard again that laugh of broad derision which had seemed so out of character with a great lady when he had heard it first, that night now nearly a month old.

"Mademoiselle does not believe?"

"I have a suspicion that this Monsieur Duchemin was guilty in intention; but when it came to put his intention into execution, he found he had been anticipated."

"Mademoiselle is too clever for me. Now I should never have thought of that."

"He would have been wiser to stay and fight it out. How sad for him! A chance meeting with one who is not his friend, a whispered word to the police, and within an hour he finds himself in the Sante!"

"Poor chap!" said Lanyard with a doleful shake of the head.

"I, too, pity him," the woman declared. "Monsieur, against my prejudice, your faith in Duchemin has persuaded me. I am convinced that he is innocent."

"How good you are!"

"It makes me glad I have so well forgotten ever meeting him."

"Ah!" said Lanyard—"but about

Madame la Comtesse de Lorgnes

"My friend, you must forget that name as utterly as I have forgotten another."

"He was really a count?"

"Who knows? It was the style by which he had always passed with us."

"Alas!" sighed Lanyard and bent a somber gaze upon his glass.

"What is this?" she asked sharply. "You know something about De Lorgnes?"

"Had you not heard?" he countered, looking up in surprise.

"Heard—?"

He saw her eyes stabbed by fear, and knew himself justified of his surmise. All day she had been expecting De Lorgnes. One could imagine the strain of care and foreboding. She was on the rack.

But there was no pity in Lanyard's heart. He knew her of old, what she was, what evil she had done.

And purposely he delayed his answer till her patience gave way and she was clutching his arm with frantic hands.

"What is the matter? Why do you look at me like that? Why don't you tell me—if there is anything to tell—?"

"It is in all the evening newspapers—the murder mystery of the Lyons express."

"De Lorgnes—?"

Lanyard inclined his head. The woman breathed an invocation to the Deity and sank back against the wall, her face ghastly beneath its paint.

Liane Delorme made an effort to speak, but only her breath rustled harshly on her dry lips. All the muscles of her face relaxed and her eyes went out through that mask of artifice which alone preserved for her the illusion and reputation of beauty.

Liane Delorme stirred abruptly.

"The assassin?" she demanded.

Briefly, Lanyard told her of seeing the Comte de Lorgnes in Lyons and the tragic sequel.

"Ah!" she murmured bitterly—"if

only we knew the name of that safe

cochon."

"We do."

"I, at least, Albert Dupont," he announced abruptly.

Unquestionably the name meant nothing to the woman. She curled a lip. "But that is any name!"

"The name of the safe?"

"What had Dupont to do with De Lorgnes?"

"If you will tell me that, there will be no more mystery in this sad affair."

The woman brooded heavily for a moment. "But if it had been you he was after, I might understand * * *"

He caught the sidelong glimmer of her eye upon him, dark with an unuttered question.

But the wait was at an end. Athenais and Le Brun were threading their way through the intervening tables.

The interruption could not have been better timed; Lanyard was keen to get away.

Now Athenais was pausing beside the table, and saying with a smile as weary as it was charming:

"Come, Monsieur Paul, if you please, and take me home! I've danced till I'm ready to drop."

"But tell me about Liane, if it isn't a secret?" asked Athenais as the two taxied to her apartment.

"You have met her before tonight?"

"Oh, that was so long ago and such a trifling thing, one wonders at remembering it at all * * * I happened, one night, to be where I had no right to be. That was rather a habit of mine. I'm afraid. And so I discovered, in another man's apartment, a young woman, hardly more than a child, trying to commit suicide. You may believe I put a stop to that * * * Later, for in those days I had some little influence in certain quarters, I got her a place in the chorus at the Varieties. She made up a name for the stage: Liane Delorme. That is all. You see, this child, Liane, is all. You see, this child, Liane, is all."

"And she was grateful?"

"Not oppressively. She was quite normal about it all."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

OPTEN TOO LATE TO MEND.

There's an old adage that it's never too late to mend. This may be true of everything else but fire insurance. You are a merchant or a house owner and you may think you are sitting pretty on the question of fire, but are you? Better see this today. Remember it's always too late to mend after fire has swept your store or home. Call the Greenway Agency, 438 Farmers Trust building, Lincoln 6354.

WRAPS—

Sumptuous—Graceful

WRAPS favor the straight-line silhouette. Again we have the Russian side-closing—the slight blouse in back—the dropped waistline—panels of the material, or gorgeous embroideries. Again, a sumptuous use of furs. Lovely soft woolen fabrics in navy blue, black Kit Fox and the new browns. Topcoats of English blanket cloth with plaid backs have swagger pockets. Many are unbelted, with a decided flare. \$25 to \$295.

FALL FROCKS

Inspired by Both the Orient and Occident

TO the courts of oriental princes designers have gone for frock inspiration. Soft draped lines are paramount in styles that have long skirts tending strongly toward classic drapery or circular lines. Pendant ornaments or cabochons of exquisite color combinations in metal or beads are important trifles, for they are sometimes the only ornament for a frock of crepe roma, cloy or satin Canton. Wool frocks of matelasse, kasha or twill, are especially expressive in Russian types and embroideries. \$25 to \$125.

NEW FURS—

Regally Beautiful

INDESCRIBABLY lovely are the Furs! Gorgeous pelts, skillfully matched, are made into Capes, and Wraps or Coats with graceful wrappy contours that borrow from Oriental robes mandarin sleeves—from Russian costumes, side-closing styles. Small Furs rather emphasize fox, sable, stone marten, squirrel and novelty pieces.

BLOUSES—

A'glint With Metal

BLOUSES take their cue from the Far East. They are fascinating in conventional lines of Russian embroideries, Balkan, Chinese or Egyptian motifs. Exquisite shaded effects in beads, on crepe de Chine or satin Canton modes are obtained by combining dull beads with an over pattern of bright ones. Metal trimmings, or modes made of cloy or matelasse accentuate the note of gorgeousness so acute in Fall Blouses. \$7.50 to \$19.75.



New York Police Department has a radio broadcasting station. It is considered one of the finest in the country. From it police departments in other cities with radio receiving equipment, get first information of criminals at large. Supt. M. R. Brennan of the Police Telegraph Bureau is shown broadcasting such a report.

Radio concerts—and perhaps later on radio movies and news pictures of the speakers—will take the place of all these. In between selections will come a political speech. This is no flight of the imagination, either. Sen. Harry S. New of Indiana started it last year when he broadcast his speeches to his constituents from the government station at Arlington.

In New York, radio will play an important part in this fall's campaign. Radio companies have besieged the state chairmen of both parties for the contract to disseminate their candidates' voices to every radio-equipped home in the state.

"We are considering the advisability of erecting a broadcasting station of our own," Samuel Koenig, chairman of the New York County Republican Committee, recently said. "It is certain that by fall we shall have made some arrangement to utilize this newest marvel of communication."

But there is one consolation in this possibility. That is, the audience need not sit through the whole of a monotonous political speech. All a listener need do in the future is tune out! And search for a more entertaining program from some other station.

Garments Cleaned—Aetna Cleaners. advt.—238-11.

The cast of the Mishawaka Legion play, which is to be given in Mishawaka Sept. 23-27 inclusive, will give a program of songs and music under the auspices of Paulson's electric shop of Elkhart, the Mishawaka pharmacy and the Gately Clothing Co. tonight.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—Submarines of the United States navy will soon be equipped with the latest improvements in radio.

These improvements are such, say naval engineers, that they will be capable of sending messages up to a radius of 300 miles in the daytime and much farther at night. This is three times the distance spanned by the radio sets now installed in the submarines.

An order for 59 new sets of the latest type has been issued by the navy department. These sets, however, will be formed from old apparatus along a design set up after careful experimentation by the naval radio experts. It will mean a saving of nearly \$300,000 in the cost of the sets.

Although detailed specifications of these new radio sets are withheld, it is learned that they are of the latest type of vacuum tube apparatus. Their efficiency, it is said, will vie with those of the German submarines which succeeded in sending messages at night as far as 800 or 1,000 miles to their bases.

The new apparatus on the American submarines will be able to receive long-wave signals while the craft is submerged to a depth of about 20 feet.

Don't let constipation poison your blood and curtail your energy.

If you live and better live, don't work properly take CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS today and your trouble will cease.

For dizziness, lack of appetite, headache and blotchy skin nothing can equal them. Purely vegetable. Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price.

Read This Letter from Mrs. W. S. Hughes

Greenville, Del.—"I was under the impression that my eldest daughter had some inter-trouble as ever since the first time her sickness appeared she had to go to bed and even had to quit school once for a week. I always take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound myself so I gave it to her and she



has received great benefit from it. You can use this letter for a testimonial if you wish, as I cannot say too much about what your medicine has done for me and my daughter." Mrs. W. S. Hughes, Greenville, Del.

Mothers and oftentimes grandmothers have taken and have learned the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. So they recommend the medicine to others.

The best test of any medicine is what it has done for others. For nearly fifty years we have published letters from mothers, daughters, and women, young and old, recommending the Vegetable Compound. They know what it did for them and are glad to tell others. In your own neighborhood are women who know of its great value.

Mothers—daughters, why not try it?

Here is a wonderful message to all expectant mothers. When the Little One arrives, you can have that moment more free from suffering than you have ever had a moment.

An eminent physician, expert in this science, has shown the way. It was his wife, Mrs. C. J. Hartman, Scranton, Pa., who told him that she had a doctor and a nurse and then they had to use instruments, but with my last two children I used Mother's Friend and had only a nurse; we had no time to get a doctor because I wasn't very sick—only about ten or fifteen minutes.

Write for free book, "Motherhood and the Baby," containing important information and all about "Mother's Friend," to Bradford Regulator Co., 140 E. 10th St., Cleveland, O. Sold by druggists everywhere.



Thursday, Friday and Saturday September 21, 22, 23

AGOG with more than a larger interest than usual, Fashion authorities have launched the new things for Fall. Weeks ago all eyes were turned toward Paris, the Mecca of the fashion world. What was Worth deciding behind those impassable doors—Jenny—Lanvin—Callot—Redfern? What would be the Modes for Fall? Here are their decisions, interpreted into the most beautiful assemblage of fashionable apparel that Parisian and American style experts have ever given the American woman. Newman's cordially invites your early inspection of these new Modes.

Newman's
The Style Shop for Women

PARIS seems to have frankly gone over to Mid-Victorianism, alas, alas! For she's making skirts longer and longer. Instead of discreetly covering the knees, they now, in very discreet cases cover ankles, too. Sharply frocked American women, however, are wearing skirts six or eight inches from the floor.

FALL makes the color card brownier, for wood browns are the most important colorings Fashion decrees for the new season. The gold-tans and brown, bronze, copper, caramel, leather, toast, muffin, and sumac are just a few of the brown family presented. Anyone of them would be entirely approved by tout Paris.

AGAIN SLEEVES are the little bolsheviks of the Fall Fashion campaign. But you'd hardly expect bolshevism to attack the bishop sleeve. Nevertheless it has, and bishop sleeves—very fashionable—start four inches below the waist, and go right out to the wrist, with a fitted portion under the arm—the sleeve tightly banded at the wrist.

METAL, metal, everywhere, and not a bit to spare is the slogan for trimmings—yes, even for fabrics, this Fall. Tinsel thread designs interweave their charm in matelasse fabric. Aluminum trimmings, intriguing affairs far removed from kitchen pans—and exquisitely perfect copies of ancient Egyptian and Russian motifs done in antique gold or other metal are rampant on things Fall-ish.

ON THE RUE DE LA PAIX, little Mademoiselle X is carrying a bag that is smaller than those of yesterday. While shopping bags and purses sometimes go to large proportions, there is a stronger tendency than ever for the carrying of the more feminine-looking bags of moire and brocade, silk, and pouches of metalized beads or Paisley patterns. Frames and clasps are elaborate.

COUTURIERES have blended with consummate skill their own finest style trends with the Mode Egyptian—Russian—Greek—far Eastern. Thus we have the draped frock with longer skirt that has the Russian side-closing ornamented by a single huge trimming motif—a Egyptian toque—a Russian turban—a classic frock with looped-up panel—a wrap with mandarin sleeve.

IF your frock or suit closes at one side, it's Russian—if it closes directly in front with a single big cabochon, it's of ancient Egyptian lineage, brought strictly up to date. So watch your Froek—observe the way the heretofore innocent closing has managed to become important.